

Puck

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THE MYSTERY EXPLAINED.

SPEAKER REED says he does n't know how the discriminating duty "slipped in." This is how.



THE NEW JOURNALISM.

PROFESSOR WISEHEAD," said the assistant editor of the greatest Sunday newspaper, "is in the outer office with the manuscript of his recently completed paper on the social and moral conditions of the day. The article is bound to create an immense sensation. The *Daily Blower* has offered him a large sum for it, but the Professor preferred to give us the refusal. Shall we buy the manuscript?"

"Wisehead's article finished!" exclaimed the managing editor, excitedly. "This is an opportunity not to be lost. It will be the most talked-of literary production of the decade. We must take advantage of it at once."

"About what figure," said the assistant editor, "shall we say. The Professor desires to know what we will pay, and —"

"The Professor be darned!" said the managing editor, surprisedly. "We don't want his trash. Tell him, the *Blower* can have it."

"But," said the assistant, "I don't understand what you mean. If we don't get the article how are we to —"

"Don't understand your business, you mean. Get rid of the Professor as quick as you can, and then send a man to get exclusive contracts from John L. Sullivan and Ella Wheeler Wilcox for two columns each of views on the Professor's article. — Gad! What a hit we'll make!"

A SERIOUS DANGER.

"We must be particularly careful," said Abdul Hamid, "not to let the amount of this war indemnity become known in the harem."

"Don't see how we are going to keep it quiet," replied the Grand Vizier, doubtfully.

"But we must!" said the Sultan, emphatically. "Why, man alive, if those extravagant females heard of such a sum of money, no power on earth could keep them from doing the bargain-counters!"

WHY NOT?

LITTLE CLARENCE. — The Emperor of Russia is the Czar, is n't he, Pa?

MR. CALLIPERS. — Yes.

LITTLE CLARENCE. — Then what 's the matter with his children being Czardines?

AT THE RAINES CLUB.

FIRST MEMBER. — It strikes me that the difference between the ordinary citizen and the Anarchist is mainly one of degree.

SECOND MEMBER. — How do you make that out?

FIRST MEMBER. — Why, both have little respect for laws which they find inconvenient; but the Anarchist finds more laws inconvenient.

THE CAGER CAGED.

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OFFICER McNABB. — Oi 'm domned if it ain't a burglar roight under me nose!

A SMALL POTATO.

ASKINS. — That fellow, Dubby, is n't of much importance, is he?

GRIMSHAW. — Much importance? Why, he would n't even cut any ice in Klondike in the Winter time!

THE PROPER DECORATIONS.

"I understand that the Spanish Government intends to decorate Weyler if he ends the Cuban insurrection."

"With typewriter ribbons, I suppose."

HOW HE FELT.

"You must have felt cheap?" said the sympathizer.

"Cheap?" said the man who had been relating the unpleasant experience. "I felt cheaper than a silver dollar."

WHIST PLAYERS, like children, should be seen and not heard.



"Only fer me watchfulness, sure, he'd nov'a rich haul. It's promoted to a roundsman Oi'll be!"



"Sure, there 'll be a surprisoid gint here in wan minute more!"



"Help! Help! fer th' love av hivin! — Oi'm tuk wid par-ralysis!"

When Caddie Sleeps.



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I.
NOW THE breezes o'er the meadows
Stir the grasses into tune,
And the breakers far below us
Chant a ceaseless, mellow rune.
Polly, winsome, sweet and jolly,
Capped and kilted daintily,
Treads the blossom-bordered pathway
Side by side with happy me.

II.
Overhead the white clouds loiter
In the azure Summer sky,
And the swallows, round us calling,
O'er the uplands dart and fly.
Caddie, ragged, grinning, lazy,
Lagging, follows far behind,
And the echo of his whistling
Comes a-floating down the wind.

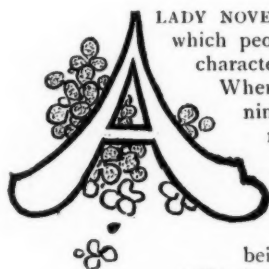
III.
Soon the ball is teed and Polly
Sends it speeding into air
Like a white-winged songster flying
To its bracken-hidden lair.
Then I send its fellow after,
And with eager steps we stride
Down the slope to find them nestled
In the beach grass, side by side.

IV.
Past the road by Maple Hollow,
O'er the stream at Lily Weir,
Where the rippling water tumbles,
Making music to the ear.
Up the hill and down the valley,
Skipping, flying, high and low,
Go the balls; the players follow
Tho' each step doth slower grow.

V.
Till, at length, at Seaward Bunker,
Tired limbs the wild grass seek;
All forgot are balls and drivers,
Putter, niblick, spoon and cleek.
Polly's voice grows low and trembles,
O'er her cheeks the blushes pass;
All the world sings love — and Caddie
Lies asleep amidst the grass.

Richard Stillman Powell.

THE LADY NOVELIST.



LADY NOVELIST who has written one of those valuable works which people say "you must read," introduces two splendid characters by the names of Errington and Loramont.

When Errington and Loramont are on a steamer, "running across," Egremont bursts into Lorington's state-room one morning without the ceremony of knocking, and finds Mr. Lorimer "scantily attired." This is the way incompletely dressed heroes are always described in lovely novels like this, while incompletely attired heroines are described as being *en deshabille*.

"This is too much," observes Mr. Longchamps; "here I am in waistcoat and trousers, and with only one stocking on."

This was, of course, not too much; but it is delicate in the lady novelist when introducing an undressed hero to have him all dressed up. Perhaps in the interest of perfect propriety she should have had his hat on, too.

But there is one thing: Lady novelists in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of their literary fury, should not have their men put on their trousers, waistcoats and overcoats before their stockings.

HER COMPLAINT.

MRS. NEWROCKS. — Mercy! These baggagemen are very careless!

MISS NEWROCKS. — What have they done, Mama?

MRS. NEWROCKS. — Why, they've torn and defaced the labels on our trunks so that it is very hard for a stranger to see that we have been to Europe.

MODERN DEFINITIONS.

SON. — Paw, what's meant by a "horse of another color?"

WHEELER. — A bicycle of another make.

SON. — And what's a "dark horse," Paw?

WHEELER. — A nameless wheel.

THE WAY to a man's heart is through his stomach; dyspepsia is tantamount to a "No Thoroughfare" sign.

A PHILOSOPHER MIGHT be described as a man who does not worry about the fact that he is not appreciated.

HUMAN NATURE.

"When the weather first gets hot, people say they can't stand it because they are not used to it."

"Yes —?"

"And, afterward, they say they can't stand it because it has been hot so long."



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TWO OF A KIND.

PEDESTRIAN. — When did the dog become blind?

MENDICANT. — He is n't blind, Mister —

PEDESTRIAN. — Dear me! Is he a humbug, too?

A DECORATED FLY DISPERSER.

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I.

UNCLE BOB.—Phew! the flies are so bad I can't take my nap.



II.

"Ah! I always was good at contriving. See that shade with the tassel blowing in and out? Well, I'll just sit so every time the tassel blows it will touch my head and keep the flies away."



III.

"Say! this is great! No flies to bother me now. I'll be asleep in a minute."

ASTRONOMICAL NOTES.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE GAY WORLD OF TWINKLING STARS AND PLANETS.

IT IS rumored that Venus was up late last night in company with Mars.

Something is the matter with Jupiter. He has a large red spot, for which no satisfactory account can be given.

Luna was half-full last night.

We understand that a comet from some distant system is about to pay a visit to Old Sol, with a view to becoming a permanent member of his family.

It is reported that Saturn is about to throw off another ring. The big fellow is very profligate with his jewelry.

Mercury is complaining of the intense heat. For years he has been striving to break away from Sol's close embrace, but the old man's grip has been too strong for him.

Last Thursday night, while proceeding along her accustomed path and attending strictly to her own affairs, the Earth was suddenly and unexpectedly attacked by a gang of marauding meteors. The many



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ACCOUNTING FOR IT.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot vas you grying for, Ikey?

IKEY.—I haf losdt dot oder nickel, Fader.

COHENSTEIN.—Vot? Anoder von? Mein crashous! Repecca, uf I don't somedimes dink dere musdt pe Chentile bloodt somevere in your vamily!



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IN THE MUSEUM.

THE FARMER.—What's that?

HIS WIFE.—It says it's a collection of old copper coins given by Mr. Moneybags.

THE FARMER.—Ha! Ha! What a durned fool he must have been to let folks work 'em off on him!

friends of Mother Earth will be glad to learn that the onset proved harmless, and that the assailants were utterly routed. This is not the first attack of the kind that has occurred, and we serve notice on these unprincipled rovers that if their whereabouts can be ascertained, they will be made to feel the strong arm of the law.

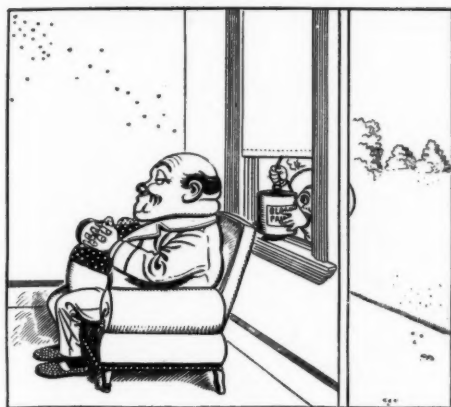
We regret to learn that Uranus and Neptune have been, for several weeks, in opposition. We trust that they will soon make up their differences. Come, brothers! Who will be the first to shake hands?

While we all admit that Fair Luna is a beautiful object to behold, it can not be denied that she was eclipsed one night last week by Dame Earth.

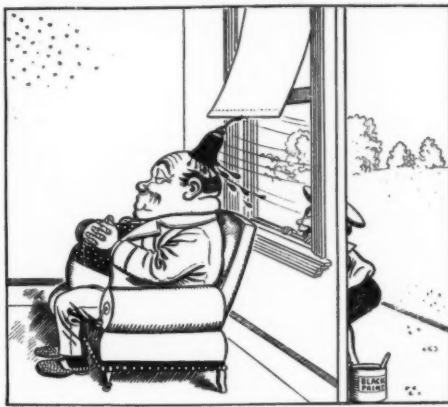
Gilbert P. Coleman.

SOME PEOPLE think they ought to be able to reap their rewards with a four-horse mowing machine.

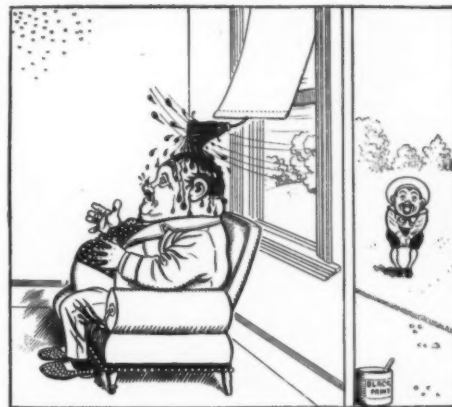
A DECORATED FLY DISPERSER—(Concluded.)



IV.
WILLY.— Oh! hookey, here 's fun!



V.
"Dere 's no flies on dat joke!"



VI.
UNCLE BOB.— I must be perspiring in the head. It feels moist!

COULD USE IT.

ISAACS.— I vish I owned von of dem steam yachts.

COHENSTEIN.— But dey are awful expensif to run.

ISAACS.— Frighdtful! If I had von I'd sell it.

PROBABLE.

"Are you aware that the male mosquitos do not bite?"

"Is that so? I'm afraid a good many of them have been murdered by mistake."

THE NECESSARIES OF LIFE.

"Then you have n't made very much money?" asked the friend, who had n't seen him for fifteen years.

"No," replied the philosopher; "not a great deal; but I get three square meals a day, and I have my wheel."



VII.
"Holy Smoke! It must be the black plague!"

HAD BEEN THERE.

There was a merry crowd in the gilded restaurant where they serve a *table-d'hôte* dinner with wine for fifty cents, or forty-five without. One of the gay revelers, a Bohemian from Kansas City, was pouring out another glass of red ink for himself and his blonde-haired *vis-a-vis*, when the inevitable good man who visits such places to study the depraved side of metropolitan life, approached and touched him on the shoulder.

"Young man," he said, in a rumbling undertone, that was supposed to express sorrow rather than anger, "are you not aware that in the end it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?"

"Certainly I do!" replied the young reprobate unabashed; "but I have lived in the Far West where whole states are occasionally devastated by just such reformers as you, and I know exactly what to take for snake-bite."

Amid the gay "Ha! Ha's!" of the revelers, the good man took his departure, and retired to his study to prepare a stirring sermon on the degeneracy of the present generation.

THE SERPENT doubtless entered Eden sustained by the consciousness of the advantage he has at any resort where there is only one man.



A FALSE IMPRESSION.

SAM.— We wuz talkin' 'bout de crops when yo' came in.

PETE.— 'Bout which?

SAM.— De crops— de wheat crop an' de co'n crop.

PETE.— Oh! I t'ought yo' done meant de game ob craps an' wuz tryin' ter say it wif er English accent.

CHANGE.

Twenty long years had passed when he crossed the parental threshold again.

"What a change is here!" he exclaimed. "T is the same old flat, to be sure, but what an unfamiilar air there is about everything!"

The father sighed.

"Yes," he sadly rejoined, reminded thus of the swift lapse of time; "the air has been changed twice since you were here."

WORSE.

FRIEND.— Why is your little boy so timid? Has any one been telling him ghost stories?

PAPA.— No; but we found, unfortunately, that one of the servants has been reading him extracts from the Sunday papers.

THE ONLY PRETEXT GONE.

"I don't see why this magazine has stopped running continued stories."

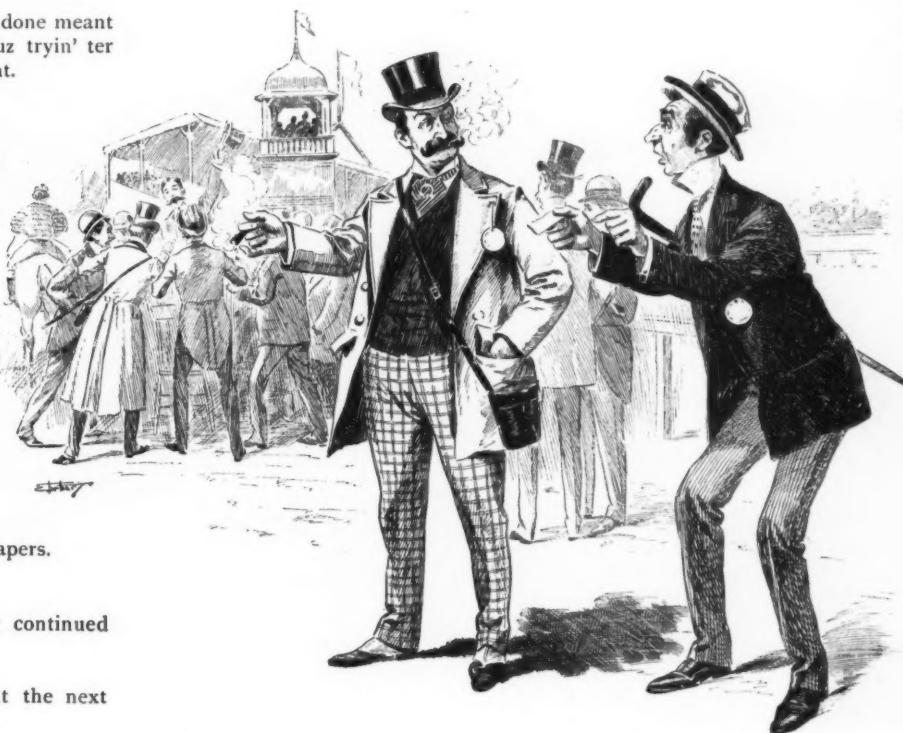
"Why should n't they?"

"Because now there is n't any excuse for bringing out the next number."

THOUGHT HE KNEW THE YELL.

DELIA.— Professor Monograph is visiting you, I understand. Does n't he find the sights and sounds of the city odd?

AMELIA.— Not at all. Some berry peddlers passed the house to-day crying their wares, and the dear old man asked me what college they belonged to.



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TWO WAYS TO WIN.

FOSTER.— Look here, Felton! I took your advice on that horse Fell-down, and I'm dead-broke. I thought you said the owners were going to play him to win?

FELTON.— That's right. They did win. They bet against him.

AUNT HETTY AT THE COUNTY FAIR.



"EZRA LIKES the cattle best,
Wants to spend the hull time there;
Sees the prize stock and the rest,
Sez, 'That makes a County Fair!'

"Likes the trotters, and he'll shout,
'Bet yer Perkins's colt 'll beat!'
Makes me stand and watch it out,
Till they trot the final heat.

"And me jest dying fer to see,
The temp'ence stand the wimmen built;
Where Mis' Ann Beasley's waitin' me,
To show me her prize crazy quilt.

"Five thousand pieces, and it took
Two years to make it, Mis' Ann said;
I got no chance to have a look,
Fer Ez takes me elsewhere instead.

"He's sick of fancy work, is Ez,
Fer cakes and jellies does n't care;
'Let's see some novelties,' he sez,
'They've got 'em this year at the Fair.'

"And so we saw a Cairo Street,
The man said 't was a moral show;
It may have bin, but I'm clean beat
If I could ever think it so.

"According to the man's remarks,
In Bible days they danced as there;
If so—of them old patriarchs
I'm dubious since the County Fair!"

Roy L. McCardell.

FOLLY AND WISDOM OF THE BICYCLE.

The fool-killer is too busily engaged on his own set of resolutions when he allows a man to celebrate New Year's Day by making the first century run of the season.

When one sees a grown man wearing a maroon sweater, covered with badges, and riding a red bicycle to which he has attached an æolian harp of rubber bands, the age-limit of the kindergarten seems painfully restricted.

An old greyhound is better than a puppy cur. A second-hand wheel of standard make is a more profitable investment than one fresh from an irresponsible maker.

The most convincing argument against the bloomer costume is that a woman becomes indignant if a man looks at her when she wears it.

Some people are like the wheel-track of the average country road—very good, but annoyingly narrow.

The world *does* move! We have progressed from trousers that have turned up at the bottom to stockings that roll over at the top.

EASILY INTERPRETED.

MRS. PROSPECT PARK.—I had a dream last night of seeing a baby carriage run down by a beer wagon. I wonder if it has any significance?

PROSPECT PARK.—It doubtless has reference to the consolidation of New York and Brooklyn.

AT THE TRACK.

"That horse has a first-class pedigree," observed his friend.

"Yes," said the man who was not getting a run for his money; "but he's going to be the last of his race."



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AN AUTUMN IDYL.

"When his love grew cold"—all he did was to enfold her still closer to his warm and enraptured heart.

A DEFINITION.

LITTLE CLARENCE (*his fourteenth question*).—Pa, what is genius?
MR. CALLIPERS (*wearily*).—Making other people furnish the money to carry out your own ideas.

THE FARMERS' NEEDS.

WILLIAM WALKER.—Yes, Mum; I hate ter travel through de country, an' find de farmers so hard up. It makes me really sick at heart.

MRS. BACKDOOR.—Why, what do they seem hard up for?

WILLIAM WALKER.—Fer help, Mum.

A SLAVE.

"Are we not free citizens of the Republic?" asked the man who had begun the political discussion.

"I'm not," replied the other man, dejectedly; "I'm a baseball player, and, with the sort of umpires we've got, a man can't call his soul his own."

IN THE INTERIOR.

FIRST DEACON.—This is a serious charge against the minister.

SECOND DEACON.—What did he do?

FIRST DEACON.—Why, when he was in New York, somebody saw him looking at the kinetoscope views of the prize-fight!

IN HARLEM.

PAPA.—Diogenes was the philosopher who lived in a tub—

JOHNNY.—What a small flat his folks must have had!



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THE ABIDING PLACE OF HEALTH.

PROSPECTIVE PURCHASER.—But I should think it would be unhealthy here; it is so swampy.

REAL ESTATE AGENT.—It is just the other way, sir;—the air is so tough here that microbes can't live in it.



PUCK.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

MR. LOW'S NOMINATION. THE NOMINATION of Seth Low for Mayor of Greater New York, by a non-partisan body upon a non-partisan platform, is the most refreshing and promising performance in the whole history of municipal politics. Its chief distinction is that it draws the line absolutely between government for the people and government for the bosses. Whichever shall prevail in the present contest, the issue has been for the first time put squarely before the people and the effect of its discussion can not be otherwise than wholesome. There is an assuring promise, however, that the tax-payers of Greater New York have awakened to the truth that partisan government is a ruinous luxury, with no compensating advantages. Invariably the scandal and expense of its past misgovernment have had partisanship for their only cause and their only excuse. Under the guise of party needs, under Democratic and Republican banners, unscrupulous men have seized the city and looted it as greedily as might an invading army. The two "regular" organizations which may strive for the control of the greater city this Fall make no pretense of wishing for any higher order of government. The Citizens' Union has set up a higher standard to be fought for. Whether it be achieved or not depends simply upon the capacity of the voters of Greater New York to distinguish between honest men who aim to give them honest and economical government, and machine politicians whose first and last aims are for place and plunder.

A TARIFF SCANDAL. THERE IS room for an honest difference of opinion as to the merits of the 10 per cent. discriminating duty upon goods brought into this country over foreign railways. But honest men must agree that its presence in the new tariff law constitutes a scandal of very grave proportions. It was made a part of that law by fraud, and the bare fact that its sponsors feared to introduce it openly and have it debated is plain proof of its fraudulent intent. That valuable official, Speaker Reed, says blandly that it "must have slipped in." Senator Chandler says he can never forgive himself for letting it "slip in," though he has a hope that his constituents will prove less implacable. So far as these gentlemen are concerned the clause in question might as easily have provided for the free coinage of silver at Mr. Bryan's ratio. It is scandal enough that these high public officials should have been thus guilty of criminal negligence in a matter of such high importance to the country, yet their lapse was natural enough; for Speaker Reed was busy in preventing Congress from being busy, and Senator Chandler's time is, of course, wholly devoted to his great life work of bringing about a war with England. But the scandal that is intolerably offensive is that a lobby should have been able, even for a day, secretly to get any clause into a bill under discussion. As an honest official and an honorable gentleman, President McKinley must exhaust every means for discovering and punishing the perpetrators of this fraud.

THE CROWDED PROFESSIONS. A PROFESSOR of Columbia College lately mourned in print because education is becoming not only distressingly common, but inclusive of the manual arts. "When machine shops and factories and all the paraphernalia of the applied sciences are imported into the academic shades," he insisted, "and when the perfume of the Attic violet is stifled by the stench of the chemist's crucible, the true purpose of the university is forgotten." We took the liberty of disagreeing with this gentleman some weeks ago as to the true purpose of the university; and we wish to suggest now that the alarm which he expressed, according to his lights, is not so well founded as we hope it will be a few years hence. The belief that our young men who go to college must come out physicians or lawyers or preachers has still too much respect for the health of a young, vigorous and fast-growing country that needs skilled workmen to develop it. The delusion is still general that the dignity of a college man may not be adequately upheld except in one of these politer professions, where he may wear his Attic nosegay in the lapel of his black coat during office hours and never debase his hands with sunlight nor with stains from the crucible. But Nature is slowly correcting this error by the application of her harsh law of supply

and demand. Our colleges produce each year an overwhelming surplus of doctors and lawyers. They swarm out prepared to fall upon their legitimate prey, only to find there is nothing left for them. They must learn to take their nourishment another way or die of inanition. Man is assuredly "of few days and full of trouble," but we can not all make a living by increasing the first and abating the second. Our surplus doctors and lawyers are learning each year that other fields are more fertile. And from them the knowledge is spreading to the sophomores, who begin to suspect that chemists, metallurgists, civil and mechanical engineers, machinists, architects, scientific farmers and a hundred other servants are required, respected and amply remunerated by society. When Professor Peck's dismay at the practical aspects of modern education shall become better founded we shall have fewer M. D's and A. M's driving street-cars or starving respectably in their lonely offices.

COLD CASH.

Money's said to burn a hole
When in the pockets of the rash;
But in the frigid Klondike mines,
It is a case of hard, cold cash.

ITS MISSION IS TO BE DENOUNCED.

"What is an octopus, anyhow?"
"An octopus is a monster which is found, chiefly, in political speeches."

AFTER PRAYER MEETING.

FIRST FARMER.—Them foreign crops seem to be awful short.
SECOND FARMER.—Yes. It seems jest like a dispensation of Providence.

YELLOW JOURNALISM.

FIRST REPORTER.—Our Klondike correspondent has resigned.
SECOND REPORTER.—What's the trouble?
FIRST REPORTER.—Caught 'the gold fever'—won't stay in New York another day.

IN WESTCHESTER.

FIRST CITIZEN.—If we tax these millionaires too much they'll move away.
SECOND CITIZEN.—That's the trouble. If everybody else would only tax them as high as we do, they would n't have any place to move to.



TRUE SPORT.

JIMMY.—I'm glad school's commenced, hain't you?
JOHNNY.—No; why?
JIMMY.—Why, it's twice as much fun fishing w'en yer play hookey ter do it—it's fun even if yer don't ketch nuthin'!

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THE MODERN PLAY
THE MILLS ARE STARTING UP AGAIN FOR



J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

MODERN PLAGUE.
SETTING UP FOR NEXT YEAR'S VISITATION.

THE BALLADE OF AFFIRMATIVES.

I TOLD HER that the rose was fair,
But she was fairer than the rose;
I told her that her rippling hair,—
The sport of every breeze that blows!—
Was brighter than the golden glows
Of dawn, and that for one small tress
I'd give my blood that bounding goes;
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"



I said her blue eyes were a pair
Of brilliant sapphires set in snows
Unmelting and as pure and rare
As e'er on mountain tops repose:
And such a dainty, scornful
nose!
I told her all that I possess
I'd give to kiss her lips'
sweet bows;
And all she said to me was
—"Yes?"

I said she drove me to despair,
I urged her to assuage my woes;
Her dimples darted here and there;
I looked so foolish, I suppose!
"Your mortgage on my heart foreclose,"
I said: "Rid me of doubt's distress!
You could reward me if you chose!"
And all she said to me was—"Yes?"

L'ENVOY.

Accepted, Prince? Jove only knows!
Rejected? That I'm left to guess!
I know not, though I did propose,
For all she said to me was—"Yes?"

Harold MacGrath.

A WORD TO the wise is sufficient; but even after all the synonyms are added, not much effect is noted in the foolish.

MOST OF us feel that we are profound authorities on the management of other people's children.



NOT INTERESTING.

MISS WHEELER.—I don't like to enter into a conversation with him at all. While you talk with him he is all the time bringing up foreign subjects.
MISS SCORCHER.—Foreign subjects?
MISS WHEELER.—Yes;—things not at all pertinent to bicycling.



TRUSTFUL ADMIRATION.

JIM JACKSON.—So yo' think Maud's father and mother think a good deal of yo'?

ABE HARDCASE.—Oh, I'm dead sure ob it;—dey come and sit in de parlor all de time I'm dere.

THE BATTLE OF THE GIANTS.

HICKS.—I have been here for over an hour, watching those two men on the corner talk and gesture. See what an exhausted, delirious laugh that one has! Are they insane?

WICKS.—No; not yet. They're all right. It's only Kidby, the father of a rather cute little boy, and Troutline, who has been spending his month's vacation fishing.

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

CITY EDITOR.—It is true I threw the new reporter downstairs, but the provocation was irresistible.

MANAGING EDITOR.—What did he do?

CITY EDITOR.—He ended his first copy with: "But, as Rudyard Kipling says, 'that's another story.'"

UNWISE.

ROBINSON.—I think a law should be passed to stop cigarette-smoking.

PERKINS.—Oh, no! There is too much of it done now.

N. Y. & BOSTON LIMITED.

POE.—That was a strange experience of Scribbler's.

SNOW.—What was it?

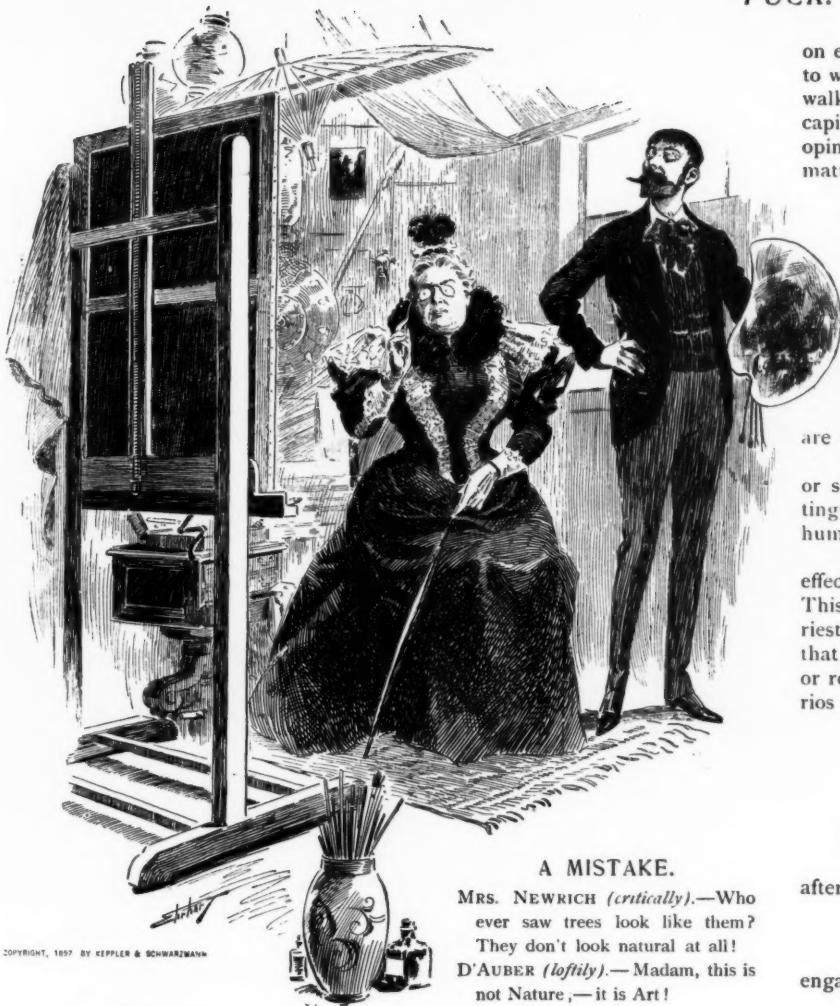
POE.—He wrote a poem of four five-lined stanzas, and called it a sonnet. Boston immediately ostracised him for the blunder, and New York lionized him for the Britishism.

FOREWARNED.

They said "she's fabulously rich!"
To win her I was able.
Rumor spoke true, for soon I knew
Her wealth was all a fable.

APPEAL FIRST to a man's reason, next to his prejudice, then to his purse, and, finally, to his vanity; if he is still obdurate, give him up.





A MISTAKE.

MRS. NEWRICH (*critically*).—Who ever saw trees look like them? They don't look natural at all! D'AUBER (*loftily*).—Madam, this is not Nature,—it is Art!

THE AGES.

THE PEOPLE of the present age comment with virtuous and joyous severity on the men and manners of the ages past. They say of one that it was bigoted; of another, that it was ignorant and sunk in barbarism. The present likes to say that an age was sunk in barbarism. Of another age we say that it was coarse and boisterous, without honor or virtue. We tell over, with complacency, the times when learning took refuge in the monasteries, when the world was in the fetters of despotism, or when it was given up to profligacy and licentiousness.

No doubt the comments on the men of the past are just, for bad men have always been the most wicked, poisonous and dangerous of animals, excepting none among the worms, the reptiles, the arthropoda or the vertebrates; but it need not be thought that the present age, which is so delighted with itself, will escape the censures of the future. Moralists in the new ages will still be engaged, with smug faces, in fitting epithets to villainies, and regretting the limits of their vocabularies.

As the old ages were marked and branded, each with its own especial depravity, each signal advance in some especial madness or devilry, so this age is not without its own distinctive brand and stigma.

This is the age of advertisement, of factitiousness and pretence. It is the age of the newspaper. It is the age when officers are put into office, preachers into pulpits, censors into censorships, and governors into governorships by the power of advertisement. Reputations, which were once won by worth, such as it was, are now created and conferred by proclamation. Doctors of ordinary attainments are, by the press, transmuted into wizards; and lawyers, teachers, statesmen, soldiers, philanthropists and women orators, of the common sort, and mere worms of the dust, have but to wrap a cocoon of newspapers about themselves to presently emerge, and wing an aerial flight.

This condition arises as naturally as a ghost from a graveyard.

When one paper has mentioned a person, another paper mentions him. A third paper can not be behind. Having heard of him three times, the people are not surprised to hear of him again. Then they expect to hear of him. Presently a paper is neglectful that does not introduce his name once a week. The people are now acquainted with him, and they desire to be informed about him at large. The papers then tell them of all his doings and about his family. The people revel in their delightful intimacy with a great man, whom they have created for themselves, and they take a loving delight in being informed that he has taken a cottage at Bull Lake for the Summer.

In every city there are a half dozen lawyers who are always quoted

on every question of law; a half dozen doctors who are at once appealed to when the grip comes about, or the drinking water is bad; half a dozen walking delegates who advise the people through the press of the probable capitulation of the employers; half a dozen prominent citizens, whose opinions are solicited for the instruction of the common herd on every matter under the sun; half a dozen gifted nobodies there are who advise whether the city should have an art institute, and what should be the amount of drapery of statues, and whether side doors should be open on Sunday, and whether the people should be allowed to walk on the grass in the parks, and whether the latest statue erected to some former newspaper humbug, is a true work of genius, and (a few years later) whether it better not be hauled away, and sold for scrap.

And in every city there are twenty "Messrs. and Mesdames" Conger Eel Smiths, Henry Mason Rheinweins, Porter Ale Muggs, Williams Peace Pint Pots, and John Markdown Klereingsales, who are eternally named as being "among those present."

If I were a self-respecting merchant, I would insist on placing "adv." or some other unmistakable mark upon my advertisements, to safely distinguish my merely mercative mendacity from the atrocious and stupid humbuggery of the reading matter.

This is the wisest of the ages. Men have always said that every effect has a cause, but this is the first age in which men have believed it. This is the most liberal age, the kindest age, the freest age, and the merriest. It is the age which has the age on all the other ages. It has found that only the thing that is real is of any worth, whether it is real science or real poetry or real virtue. But the papers are running on, like impressarios of puppet shows, exploiting the marvels of their manikins.

Williston Fish.

PROFESSIONAL TRAITS.

RESTFUL WAYS.—I take everything that comes my way.

SECOND STORY BILL.—So do I; and when they don't come I go after them.

ENGAGEMENTS, F. DE S.

"This is the end!" he angrily exclaimed. "Give me back my engagement bicycle!"

"Ha! Ha!" she laughed, mockingly; and that was all.

WHEN A YOUNG man lays his heart at a young woman's feet, she certainly ought n't to kick.



A NECESSARY PRECAUTION.

No, dear reader, this is not a family rejoicing over the return of some long-absent relative. The facts are these: Subbubs has brought his friend Citiman out for the night, and wishes to convince his ferocious watch-dog that Citiman is *persona grata* to the family.



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HIS OBJECTION.

"Eh-yah!" snarled the crabbed old codger of Kohack; "I s'pose you can have Niece Hetty take French lessons, if you want to. I ain't got anything to say against it, for I am only her old uncle, and uncles, I've noticed, don't usually cut much more figger in such matters than the 'ph' does in 'phthistic."

"It ain't b'cuz I object so much to a young girl's fritterin' away her time on fal-fals, although, in my humble opinion, she or any other girl would be just as ornamental in the eyes of all right-thinkin' people if she'd frivol more with the washboard and flat-

iron and thimble, and less with rip-rappin' purple dogs on yaller canvas and playin' flummiddles on the piano—but, as I said before, I'm only her old fool of an uncle, and my opinions don't count. If a girl must waste her time, I'd rather see her fling it away on makin' tattin' and concoctin' cotton rats and paintin' white blackbirds on saucers than in takin' lessons in any other language than her own. In my judgement, one language is enough for any woman, and, in a good many cases, just about one too many."

Tom P. Morgan.

AN EVEN THING.

"Yes," said the minister; "stormy weather keeps almost as many people away from church as fine weather."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, in fine weather they go out on their wheels!"

A DILEMMA.

There was a young lady of Del.
Whose garments were mannish I'm wel.
The young men now query
She makes them so weary
"If she wears those, what shall a fel.?"

UNPLEASANTLY REMINDED.

JONES.—Chilly day, is n't it?
BROWN.—Yes. I forgot my overcoat this morning, and I have been trying to forget it ever since.

HOW HE KNEW.

EDITOR.—How old was old man Stebbins when he died?
ASSISTANT.—The correspondent does not say.
EDITOR.—Did n't we publish his age after his visit to the office two weeks ago?
ASSISTANT.—We only said "that he looked good for twenty-five years more."
EDITOR.—Well, then, he was seventy-five. Why did n't you say so at once?

RULES FOR PLAYING THE GAME OF LADY-POKER.

Fool with the cards, except when it is your deal.
Always go out on your age.
When holding the age, speak first.
Never forget to speak out of turn.
Insist on seeing what you would have drawn had you stayed in.
Throw discards as far as possible from the next dealer.
If, when you raise, you think your hand may be the weaker, beg your opponent not to call you.

J. P. B.

THE GREATEST trouble with the current of true love is the inevitable undertow of selfishness.

HOG.

No, the Dog would not leave the manger.

"Of course," the Horse thereupon remarked, very bitterly. "you may go ahead and make a hog of yourself if you like, but you'll have to take the consequences."

Whether the horse, gifted with prophecy, was harking forward to the sausage joke, or something else, has yet to be determined.

MINDING YOUR own business is a good enough policy until you can afford to employ a private secretary.



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CORRECTING AN ERROR.

TRUCKMAN.—D—!!—!!!—!!!!

REV. MR. HARPS.—Here! Stop that cursing, or I'll have you arrested!

TRUCKMAN.—Say! Wot d'ye think this is? A Sunday-school procession?

THE CELEBRATED SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149-155 E. 14th St., New York.
CAUTION.—The buying public will please not con-
found the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly
sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S-O-H-M-E-R.

The *Veeder*



CYCLOMETER
Has banished all other
forms of Cyclometer,
and its success has
aroused imitations that
resemble it only in ap-
pearance. Be sure your
purchase bears the name
that assures perfection
—VEEDER.

Actual
Size.
PRICE \$1.50.
Weight, 1 oz.

DUST PROOF.
WATERPROOF
POSITIVELY
ACCURATE.

AT ALL DEALERS. Booklet Free.
VEEDER MFG. CO., - Hartford, Conn.

KING OF ALL DRINKS

WERNER

HALF PINT

EXTRA DRY
CHAMPAGNE

25¢ A BOTTLE
HAS NO PEER

IS ABSOLUTELY PURE AND POSSESSES
A FLAVOR & NATURAL DRYNESS
OF ITS OWN.

Served in all Restaurants, Hotels & Road-houses.
A. WERNER & CO.,
52 WARREN ST., N.Y. CITY.

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE
AWARD ON GILLOTT'S PENS
AT THE
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used
in their manufacture, it being fine grained and
elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown
by the careful grinding which leaves the pens
free from defects. The tempering is excellent
and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: **JOHN BOYD THACHER,**
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

THE BICYCLE AGE.

WHEELER.—I'm worried about that
baby of mine. His lungs seem to be
weak.

WALKER.—Don't he talk?

WHEELER.—Oh, yes! but his record
's still over three minutes, and he's six
years old.—*The Yellow Book.*

THE news comes to us that there was
picked up in California, last week, a
gold nugget worth \$42,000. The story
will save the lives of a number of fel-
lows who have been suffering from
Klondike fever.—*West Union Gazette.*

A HOPEFUL SIGN.

OKLAHOMA BELLE.—I think Pap 's a-goin' ter favor yer, Bill, over all the
other fellers. I've been a-talkin' to him about ye, and he never said nothin',
but I know he likes ye.

SQUATTER BILL.—How d' yer know, Nance?

OKLAHOMA BELLE.—I told him ye was comin' round ternight, and he
loaded up his gun with squirrel shot instead ov buck.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Greatest Good to the Greatest Number

is a righteous end to be sought
by a life Insurance Company.

The Prudential

reaches every member of the
family, male and female,
children or adults.

The
PRUDENTIAL
has the
STRENGTH
of
GIBRALTAR.

THE PRUDENTIAL has

Assets,	-	-	\$19,541,827
Income,	-	-	14,158,445
Surplus,	-	-	4,034,116

Write for descriptive literature.

The Prudential Insurance Company of America,

Home Office, Newark, N. J.

JOHN F. DRYDEN, President.



WHAT THEY WERE BUILT FOR.

REEDER.—Good heavens, Man! Why do you buy that trashy maga-
zine? There is nothing to read in it.

WHEELER (in amazement).—Trashy? Nothing to read? Why,
man alive, you must be crazy! This magazine contains more bicycle
advertisements than any other two magazines put together!

Definition of the word

"KODAK"

The *Standard Dictionary* says:
"Kodak is an arbitrary word con-
structed for trade-mark purposes."

We originated and own this trade-
mark. No camera is a "Kodak"
unless manufactured by the Eastman
Kodak Company.

Don't let the clerk sell you any
other camera under the name of
"Kodak."

If it isn't our make, it isn't a
"Kodak."

BICYCLE KODAKS,
\$5.00 to \$25.00. Booklet Free.

"You press the button,
We do the rest."

\$2,853.00 in Prizes for
Kodak Pictures.
\$1,475.00 in Gold.
Send for "Prize Contest"
Circular.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Rochester, N. Y.

TOOK THE WRONG SHIP.

OLD FRIEND (greeting **MRS. LAKE-**
SIDE, of Chicago, on her arrival in
Europe).—Are you not glad to set foot
on terra firma?

MRS. LAKESIDE.—Terra firma?
Land sakes! I thought this was
Queenstown.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

SHEUBLEIN'S
CLUB
PUNCH

A SCIENTIFICALLY COM-
POUNDED ARTICLE, MADE
ONLY OF THE VERY CHOIC-
EST MATERIALS, AND
READY TO SERVE IN A MIN-
UTES NOTICE; JUST THE
THING FOR AN AFTERNOON
TEA, EVENING-PARTY,
YACHT OR PICNIC. IT MAKES
ENTERTAINING EASY.

FOR SALE BY ALL DEALERS
PREPARED AND GUARANTEED BY
G. F. GUNTHER & CO.
HARTFORD, NEW YORK, LONDON.

CANDY Send \$1.25, \$2.10, or \$3.50
for a superb box of candy
by express, prepaid east of
Denver or west of New York.
Suitable for presents. Sample
orders solicited. Address,
C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

HENRY LINDENMEYER & SONS,
PAPER WAREHOUSE.
81, 83, 85 & 87 East Houston St., Puck Bldg., NEW YORK.
BRANCH WAREHOUSE: 20 Beekman St.
All kinds of Paper made to order.

SHE KNEW HIM.

"Mary, you don't sympathize with
me when I have to push the lawn-
mower."

"No: if it was a snow-shovel you
would be making the same old fuss."
—*Detroit Free Press.*

P	UCK'S	25 cts.	P	UCK'S	25 cts.	P	UCK'S	25 cts.	P	UCK'S	25 cts.
U	UCK'S	25 cts.	U	UCK'S	25 cts.	U	UCK'S	25 cts.	U	UCK'S	25 cts.
CK'S		25 cts.	CK'S		25 cts.	CK'S		25 cts.	CK'S		25 cts.
Q	UARTERLY		Q	UARTERLY		Q	UARTERLY		Q	UARTERLY	
	UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.
	UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.
	UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.		UARTERLY	25 cts.

A GENTLE MAN'S SMOKE **YALE MIXTURE**



IT CANNOT BE IMPROVED
IT CANNOT BE EQUALLED
The CHOICEST of all SMOKING TOBACCOS
2 oz. Trial Package Post paid for 25 c.
Send 10c. in stamps for pair of CELLULOID WHIST COUNTERS
MARBURG BROS
BALTIMORE MD.
AMERICAN TOBACCO CO
SUCCESSOR

WE MAKE **COLLARS** Do You WEAR THEM?



25¢
HIGHEST POSSIBLE GRADE
3/4 INCHES HIGH FIVE FOLD
APEX WILBUR SHIRT & COLLAR CO
TROY, N.Y.

The Improved **Boston Garter**
Easy and Secure.
Extra Super Webs.
Finest Nickel Trimmings.
The **Velvet Grip**
CUSHION BUTTON—CLASP—
Lies flat to the leg.
Cannot Unfasten Accidentally.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
Sample pair by Mail Silk & Cotton
P.O. BOX 1504
GEORGE FROST CO., BOSTON, MASS.



"GWENDOLINE," said Van Ruyter, solemnly; "I shall never awake to find myself famous."

"Why not, dear?" queried Gwendoline, looking worried.

"Because, love, between your fear of fire and burglars, and the cats in the back yard, and the dog next door, I have n't slept a wink all night; and how can a fellow wake to find himself famous if he has not been asleep?"—*Washington Capital*.

DAGWIN.—Is n't that remarkable? old Mr. Longlife celebrated his one hundredth birthday yesterday!

GAPWELL.—I don't see anything remarkable about it. We'd all do it if we could only live long enough.—*Roxbury Gazette*.

BARGAIN DAY.

"So, I have won the wager," he said, joyfully, "and the ten kisses are mine. I will take them at once."

"George," said the beautiful girl, with a noble, generous light in her eye, "I am not the one to drive a hard bargain with you. Let's call it nine ninety-nine." At ten o'clock the score was past the hundredth mark.—*Detroit Free Press*.

AN AUTHORITY.

QUEENIE.—Well, now that you are a graduate I suppose you will set about reforming the world. What do you propose to do first?

VASSAR.—Why, I've applied to the *Daily Owl* for the privilege of editing its columns on "Hints to Mothers."—*The Yellow Book*.

THE paragrapher of the *Chicago Times-Herald* can give a good answer to almost any good question. For instance, when the *Denver Post* wondered why the cartoonists always represent Uncle Sam with trousers much too short for him, he said, "The trousers are long enough, but the old man's legs have been pulled so often that they are now longer than they really ought to be."—*West Union Gazette*.

THEY have issued a regulation on the Pennsylvania Railroad forbidding the throwing of rice at any of the way stations. The next step in the good work will be to order the brakemen to cut all white ribbons off trunk handles and rub all chalk marks off baggage.—*Washington Capital*.

A MAN may have enough self-control to laugh at a joke on himself, but he can't keep an odd look out of his eyes.—*Atchison Globe*.

VIN MARIANI

MARIANI WINE—THE IDEAL FRENCH TONIC—FOR BODY AND BRAIN.

"WHEN FATIGUED AND COMPLETELY WORN OUT, NO REMEDY CAN BE SO THOROUGHLY RELIED UPON AS VIN MARIANI."

CAMPANINI.

Write to **MARIANI & CO.**, for Descriptive Book, 75 PORTRAITS, Indorsements and Autographs of Celebrities.
PARIS 41 Bd Hausmann LONDON 229 Oxford St. 52 W. 15th ST., NEW YORK



HIS SIZE.

CUSTOMER.—I want a pair of heavy-soled slippers.

DEALER.—What size, Madam?

CUSTOMER.—Why, something about Johnny's size!

There is not a headache in a dozen of *Cook's Imperial Champagne*. It's extra dry, bouquet fine. Record, half a century.

You know that *Dr. Siegel's Angostura Bitters* is the only genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous dealers, who want to impose on you with spurious imitations.



PARFUMERIE
ED. PINAUD,
37 BOULEVARD DE STRASBOURG, PARIS.
ELIXIR DENTIFRICE.

AN EXQUISITE ANTISEPTIC MOUTH WASH.
INSURES HARD GUMS, WHITE TEETH, AND SWEET BREATH.
AT ALL DEALERS

OR CORRESPOND WITH ED. PINAUD'S N.Y. IMPORTATION OFFICE 46 EAST 14TH ST.

Somerset Club



Absolutely Pure.
Very Old.
Delicious Flavor.

Maryland Rye

Acknowledged by Connoisseurs to have no superior. Used by Families, Clubs, Cafés and Hotels. Sold at all first-class Grocers and by Jobbers. Small Sample bottle sent free upon receipt of 25 cents for shipping charges.

EDW. B. BRUCE & CO., Baltimore, Md.

PUCK'S LIBRARY No. 123:

PEEZNESS

Being PUCK's Best Things ABOUT OUR HEBREW FRIENDS.

ALL DEALERS.

10 CENTS

10 CENTS.



RHEINSTROM BROS.
CINCINNATI
Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1 Bottle is as good as a bottle 2 of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

Uncle Sam's Examinations



for civil service appointments will soon be held in every State. More than 6000 appointments will be made annually! The purpose of the National Correspondence Institute is to prepare any one by mail to pass any civil service examination with a high average, thus assuring early appointment. Particulars about all Gov't positions, dates of examinations, etc., free. National Correspondence Institute (Inc.), Dept. C.S. 2d Nat'l Bldg, Washington, D. C.

DOES YOUR husband stay out nights? Then see **JOHN H. WOODBURY**, 127 W. 42d Street, New York, and be made thoroughly attractive for your husband's sake. Book sent for 2-cent stamp.

MERE PRETENSE.

"My mind to me a kingdom is—"

Jones says; and so you'll find—

This boasted royalty of his

Is purely in his mind.

—*Detroit Free Press*.

HE.—Even a burglar has a tender remembrance of early associations.

SHE.—How do you know?

HE.—Why, they got into Mr. Bing's house, the other night, ate some of his wife's pies, and left a note in which they stated that they were not like the pies Mother used to make.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

AFTER a girl is twenty-eight years old, she does n't believe in long engagements.—*Atchison Globe*.



PATENT CALF
SEAL GOAT
BEST CALF
ENAMEL
VICI KID
BOX CALF
CORDOVAN
BROWN WILLOW CALF

W. L. DOUGLAS
\$3 & \$3.50
HAND SEWED SHOES,
PROCESS.

As good in every way as those costing from \$5 to \$7. We have the best line of \$3.50 shoes in the world, made on the latest improved English lasts, by the most skillful workmen in this country.

Imported Kangaroo Tops, fast color hooks and eyelets, invisible on the inside, three rows stitching, best oak leather bottoms, light and heavy soles, widths A to EE. The best \$3.50 Police shoe sold anywhere at the price.

We sell shoes direct from our factory through 51 stores in the principal cities and 5,000 retail dealers throughout the country.

Being the largest manufacturers and retailers of men's fine shoes in the world is the reason why every pair of W. L. Douglas Shoes is a bargain. Don't be deceived. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom of every shoe.

Sent to any part of the U.S. on receipt of price and 25 cents for carriage.

W. L. DOUGLAS,
Brookton, Mass.

Catalogue
FREE.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

Abbott's Angostura Bitters do the work. You don't know how. But eating's a pleasure, and you feel like play. Abbott's is the original.

\$12 3000 BICYCLES
must be closed out at once.
Standard '97 Models, guarant'd.
\$14 to \$30. '96 models
to \$20. 2d hand wheels \$5
to \$12. Shipped to anyone
on approval without advance
deposit. Great factory clearing sale
EARN A BICYCLE
by helping advertise us. We will give one
Agent in each town FREE USE of a sample
wheel to introduce them. Write at once for
our Special Offer. G. A. MEAD & PRENTISS, Chicago, Ill.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for
Book "Inventions Wanted."
EDGAR TATE & CO., 245 Broadway, N.Y.

GIVE a man half a chance, and he will show
you his sore place.—*Atchison Globe.*

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetiser, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

Ball-Pointed Pens

Luxurious Writing!

(H. HEWITT'S PATENT.)

Suitable for writing in every position; glide over
any paper; never scratch nor spurt.

Made of the finest Sheffield rolled steel, BALL-POINTED
pens are more durable and are ahead of all others

FOR EASY WRITING.

\$1.20 per box of 1 gross. Assorted sample box of 24 pens for
25 cts., post free from all stationers, or wholesale of

H. BAINBRIDGE & CO., 69 William St., EDWARD KIMPTON, 48 John St.,

TOYER MFG. CO., 308 Broadway, New York.

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO., 715 Market Street, Philadelphia.

HOOPER, LEWIS & CO., 8 Milk Street, Boston.

A. C. McCLURG & CO., 117 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.

BROWN BROS., Ltd., 68 King Street, Toronto.



NO NEWS.

MRS. GABB.—Yes; my daughter appears to have married very happily. Her husband has not wealth, it must be admitted, but he has family.

MRS. GADD.—Yes; I heard he was a widower with six children. — *New York Weekly.*

"THERE is one good thing about Spouter," remarked Dickerson. "He always hits the nail on the head."

"Ye-es," said Jimsby; "but half the time he doesn't drive it in the right place." — *Washington Capital.*

It's a Great Comfort

to know that when you order a bottle of C. H. Evans & Sons' India Pale Ale you get the soundest Ale brewed and bottled in the world.

That's what Comforts Drinkers of Evans' Ale.

C. H. EVANS & SONS,
Hudson, - - New York.



TRADE MARK ADOPTED JAN. 1881.

R. STEINECKE CO.
MAKERS - NEW YORK

E. C. HAZARD & CO., Dist. Agents,
119 HUDSON STREET, NEW YORK.

FOR A GOOD SPIN
HARTFORD
SINGLE TUBE
TIRES
HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.
HARTFORD, CONN.
BOSTON, BUFFALO, PHILADELPHIA,
CHICAGO, MINNEAPOLIS, NEW YORK.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS

Lather the World.



Standard of
the
World.

Make Shaving
Easy.
Safe, Luxurious.

Sold all over
the
World.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAPS—in forms best adapted to different tastes and uses, sold everywhere.



Luxury Shaving Tablet
25 Cents.
Round — "just fits the cup." Delicate perfume.



"Genuine Yankee" Soap 10 Cents.
Oldest and most famous cake of shaving soap in the world.

Williams' Shaving Stick, 25 Cents.



Address The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct., U. S. A.
London, 64 Great Russell St., N.W. Sydney, 161 Clarence St.

Williams' Shaving Soap, (Barber's)



This is the kind your barber should use. Exquisite also for Toilet and Bath, used in thousands of the best families. Sure cure for "chapped hands." 5 cakes in a package — 40 cents. Trial sample for a 2-cent stamp.

CHANGED STANDPOINT.

"Prosperity is a good deal like falling in love."

"What is the resemblance?"

"Many men won't believe in it until they have had personal experience." — *Detroit Free Press.*

BACON.—My cook failed to cook the roast last night, for dinner.

EGBERT.—And what did you do?

BACON.—I had to roast the cook. — *Yonkers Statesman.*



1897-1898
Fall and Winter
Styles now Ready

We'll Always Wear
Hawes
If You Wear One Once

Hawes' Guaranteed HATS
Derbies and Soft Hats, \$3 THE WORLD OVER.
Opera and Silk Hats, \$6 OVER.

LADIES' TAILOR-MADE CLOTH HATS, \$3, \$4 & \$5.
LADIES' ROUND, DRESS AND OPERA HATS.

WE ARE LONG-DISTANCE HATTERS.

If, by chance, you live where "Hawes Hats" are not on sale, the U. S. mail enables you to get one. Remit the price; give us your height, waist measure, and size of hat worn. State whether Stiff, Soft, Opera or Silk Hat is wanted.

Expressage prepaid on all orders. Money refunded, less express charges, in all cases if hats are not satisfactory.

Hawes Hat Company
Broadway, cor. 13th—NEW YORK—Broadway, cor. 30th.

\$7,800 GIVEN AWAY

To persons making the greatest number of words out of the phrase "Patent Attorney Wedderburn." For full particulars write the National Recorder, Washington, D. C., for sample copy containing same.

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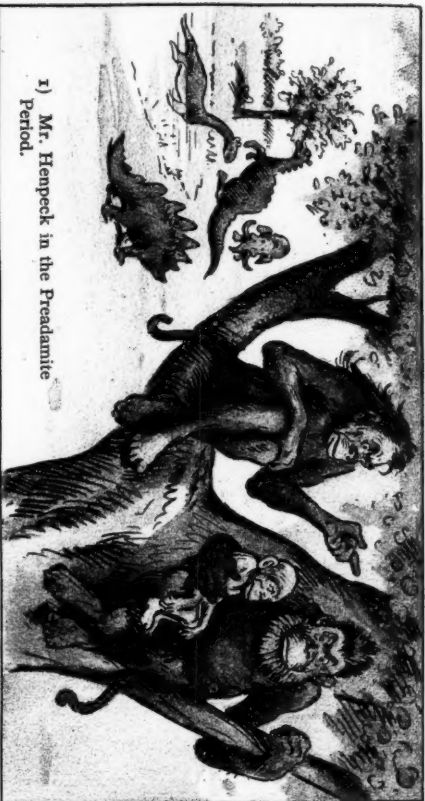
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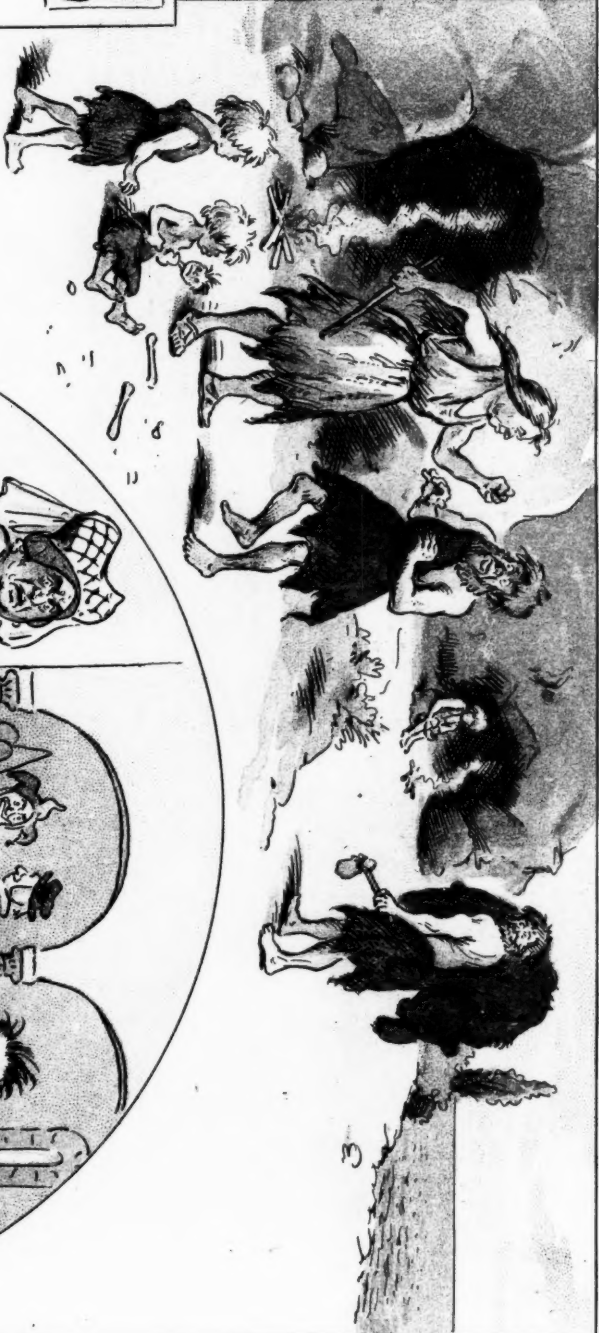
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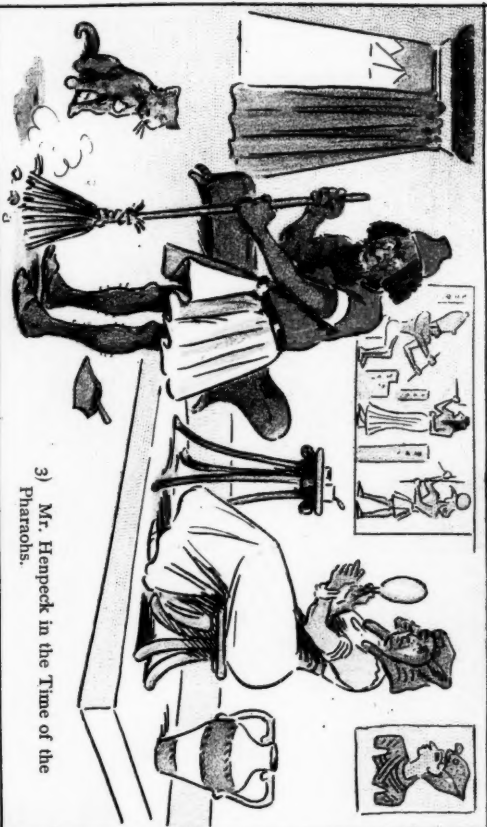
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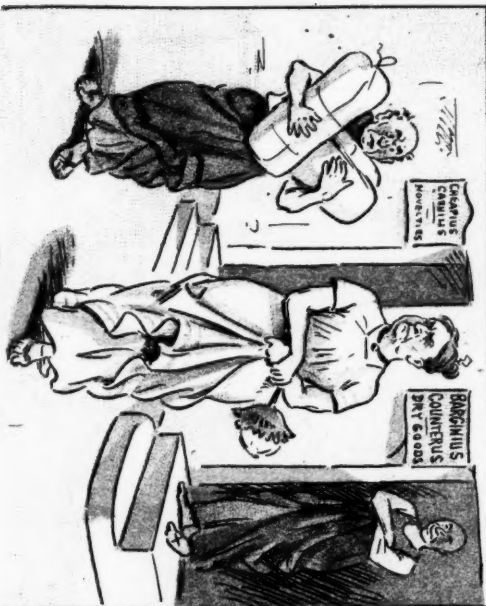
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